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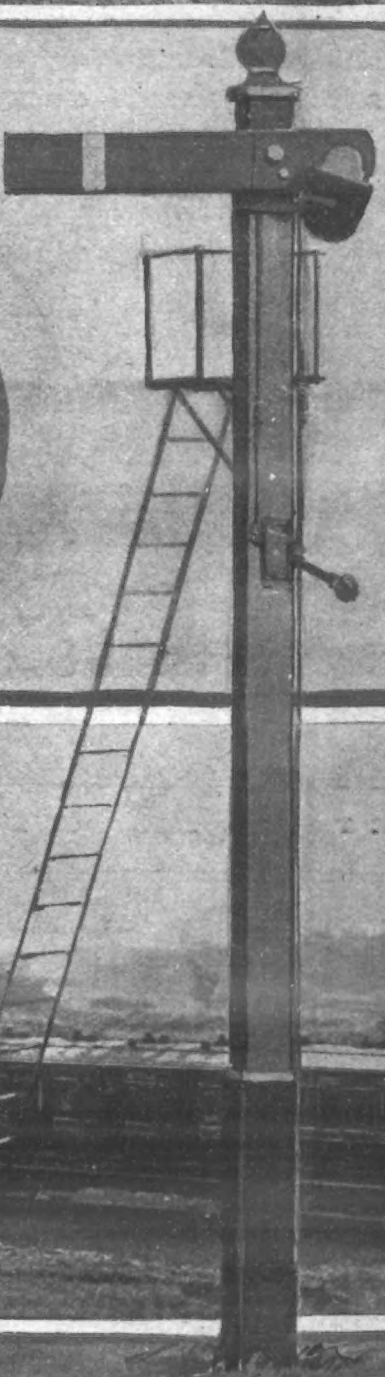
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

Mr A. Fox.

Mr R. Bell, M.P.

Mr Lloyd George

Sir Geo. Paget.



Photos. Illus. Bureau, Topical, Haines, and Elliott and Fry.

THE DANGER SIGNAL! IS IT TO BE WAR?

Everyone is hoping that the great railway crisis will be settled by arbitration, yet it is difficult to see how this can be the case. The men are standing out doggedly for what they sincerely believe to be their rights, and the heads of the great companies, fully convinced that recognition of the men's societies would mean a form of Socialistic bondage for them, refuse point-blank to discuss the question at issue. This means that the danger of a strike is daily becoming more serious, and that both sides are gathering their forces for battle. It is to be hoped that such a crisis will not be reached, for the suffering it would entail would be enormous. It is estimated that 134,000 men will strike if the worst comes to the worst, entailing a loss in wages of over £170,000 per week. The companies would lose far more, but their resources must be much greater. Who will give in? Photographs 2 and 6 are alleged to be places where "blacklegs" will sleep if a strike occurs. No. 2 is the Midland Railway Company's Camp at Chellaston, near Derby. 6.—Carriages which will be used as sleeping apartments by "blacklegs." Our other photographs show Mr. Fox, General Secretary of the Association of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, whose Society is supporting the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, whose General Secretary is Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.; Mr. Lloyd George (President of the Board of Trade), who is fighting for arbitration; Sir George Paget, Chairman of the Midland Railway Company, one of the strongest opponents of the societies.

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FLOODED ENGLAND.—ENORMOUS DAMAGE IN THE MIDLANDS.

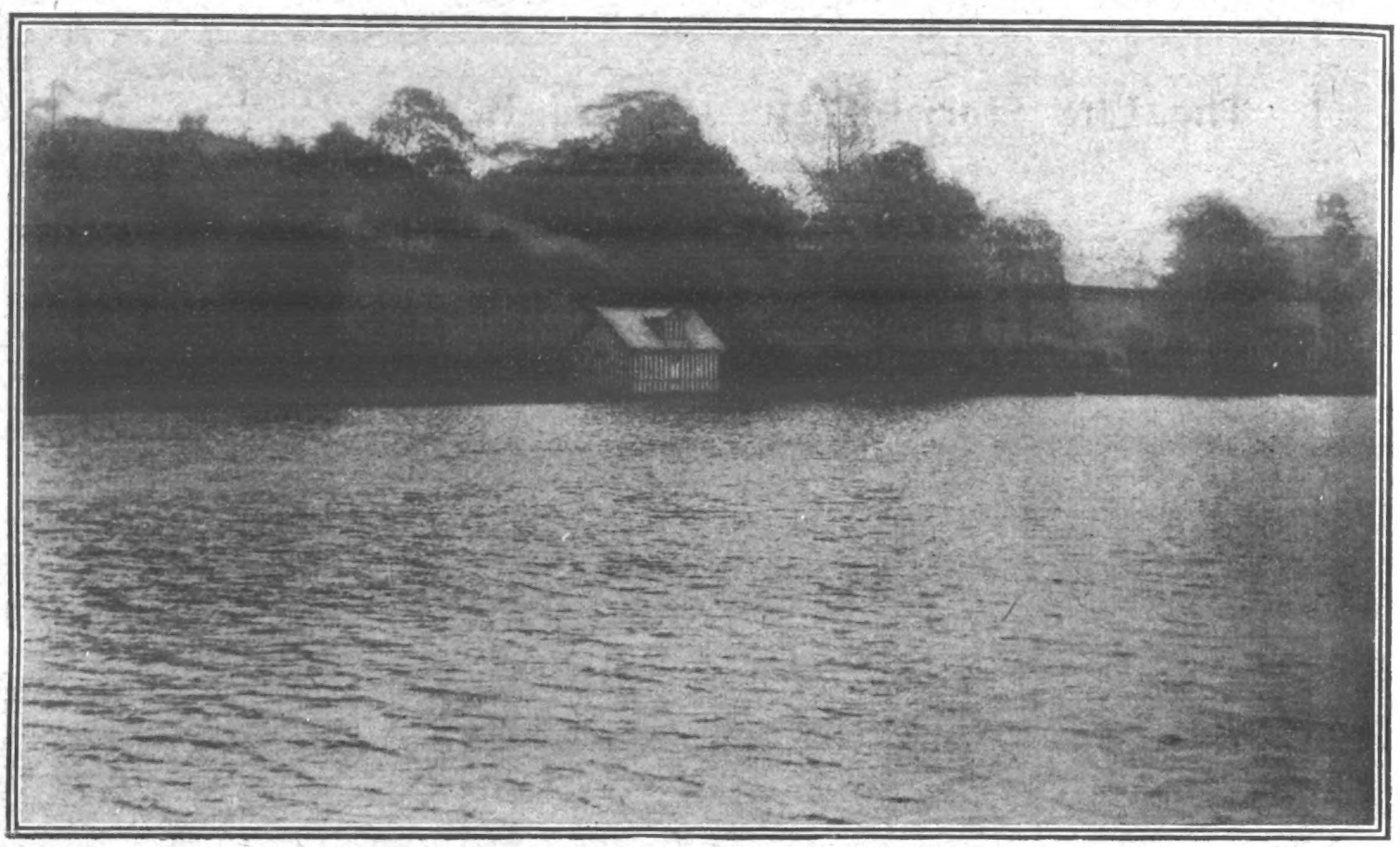

Photo. Topical.

OVER THE WEEK-END; MATLOCK CRICKET GROUND RESEMBLED A LAKE.

Photo. Topical.

THIS IS A STREET": THE VENETIAN ASPECT OF A ROAD AT MATLOCK.

ECHOES OF THE FLOOD.

THE body of a boy, aged about fifteen, was recovered from the flooded Derwent last week.

All work in the way of corn thrashing, mustard-seed thrashing, and potato digging has been stopped, and many hands are idle.

The further effect will be a shortage of supplies and consequent advance in prices.

The loss which Scottish agriculturists have sustained in the destruction of their grain crops by the incessant rainfall of the last three weeks is estimated at nearly £2,500,000.

A tremendous landslide of 1000 tons of limestone has completely blocked up the famous Co. Antrim coast road near Glenarm, and suspended all traffic.

A motor-car containing four passengers was passing when the landslip happened, and a huge boulder weighing about twenty tons actually grazed the back of the car as it crashed down the mountain.

Photo. World's Graphic Press.

A STONE WALL DEMOLISHED BY THE FLOODS IN DERBYSHIRE: MILES OF COUNTRY WERE UNDER WATER

FROM PORTER TO POLITICIAN:

The Life Story of Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., Leader of the Railwaymen.

"I WAS born," said Mr. Bell, as he sat with the representative of *P.I.P.* in his room, in the offices of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, "just off the Gray's Inn Road, in 1860. My father was a policeman, whose duties were at the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, in Merthyr Tydvil, where we lived, and where I went first to a Church school and subsequently to the National school. From the time I was a little boy I had always had a hobby of tinkering at and making different kinds of machines. When I was about twelve I made a little stationary engine, using some tin boxes for the cylinders, bits of wire, and clock-wheels; I got steam up for it by means of the family kettle, and I used to make it work on a table at home. It was, no doubt, that which was the first incentive towards railway-trains in my working life, which began when I was thirteen. At that age I became a messenger in the offices of Messrs. Robert Crawshay, as the firm was in those days, though now it is Crawshay Brothers and Co. I had no fixed duties, and had to make myself generally useful and entirely uncomfortable, as is the way of most boys when they begin life in the humblest position. My hours were from nine in the morning to six in the evening, and my weekly wage was half-a-crown. While I was in the office I was subordinate to Mr. Rogers, who is now the general manager of the works in question. For six months I lived this life, until working my model-engine inspired me with a greater desire for outdoor work, especially as it would bring me into contact with the machinery I loved. Much against the will of my parents, particularly my father, I left the office work, and got employment as a stoker in one of the iron rail mills. To me it appeared a tremendously progressive step, for at one bound I jumped up to sixteen shillings a week. It was hard work for a youth, as I then was, for I worked twelve hours a day, from six in the morning until six at night, or from six at night to six in the morning on alternate weeks. Besides this, every other Sunday I had to be on duty washing the boilers and cleaning the boiler flues, and that took nearly the whole day. I had five large boilers to fire, and as I had never done any hard work of that kind before, the pains I suffered in my muscles can be better imagined than described. Every few minutes when cleaning the boilers we had to come out to breathe, and while we were in it it meant working stripped to the waist. All this is now, happily, a thing of the past for other workmen, in consequence of the great improvements which have been made, not only in the conditions of work, but in the machinery department. At that time there were no pleasures for the workmen such as there are now. One had either to follow the bad example of going into public houses after working hours, or else to potter about with something else as a sort of hobby. I chose pottering, and devoted my time to reading mechanical books. At first, of course, I used to get home so tired that I was not fit for any reading, but I gradually got seasoned, and after a while could put in a good evening's work with my books. Perhaps the fact that my father was the policeman over the works gave me a better chance of not drinking than the other youngsters had, as less temptation was put in my way, for there was a great deal of drink consumed in the iron mills in those days.

"After I had been in the works about a year a strike occurred among the blacksmiths. In those days, as happens now, some were secured to play the part of what are commonly known as blacklegs. After they had been out for a while some of the mills had to stop in consequence, and we stokers were asked to go as strikers to these 'blackleg' smiths. I refused to go, and, though my father was, as I said, the chief police officer engaged in looking after the property and premises of the firm, and though he tried to dissuade me from the course I had taken up, I stuck to my guns and was, in consequence, dismissed.

"That did not frighten me. I went to Dowlais and got work there in charge of a small engine, at four shillings a week more money. I had to walk nearly three miles to work every morning and from work every night, for there was no train or other service between the two points. After about nine months there, I returned to the Cyfarthfa Ironworks. At this distance of time, I cannot recall the exact circumstances which led to my being taken on. I think, however, it was that I applied for a job and got it, and I am not aware that it was in any way due to the influence of my father. I was put in charge of an incline-engine, and from that to a pit-pump engine, after which I acted as spare locomotive-driver, a job in which I continued until 1876, when the Great Western Railway happened to be very short of men and was advertising for some. I always had a great inclination for railway work, so I applied for a position, and when I was engaged I left the Cyfarthfa Works and entered the railway service at Merthyr Tydvil, joining as a porter at sixteen shillings a week, from which elevenpence was deducted towards the company's compulsory clubs, and I had to work every other Sunday without payment. I continued at this for some six months, acting as spare man and doing shunting work.

"My next step was when I was removed to Pontypool Road as under-guard, or brakesman, on the local lines to the collieries. Subsequently I was promoted to be head guard, and travelled all over the system to Birkenhead, Birmingham, Oxford, Swindon, Carmarthen, and other centres. It was during this period I met with my first and only accident, for I was knocked off a truck and strained my ankle badly, with the result that I was laid up at home for five or six weeks. That, however, was the most serious mishap which occurred to me. While I was at Pontypool I married. I was only twenty at the time, but most men in the town married young in those days, if only to escape from the exceedingly uncomfortable life in lodgings.

"A train was subsequently transferred from Pontypool to Swansea, and I was transferred with it. Before I left Merthyr I had seen a few accidents. In particular, I remember the flooding of the Merthyr tunnel. One Saturday night a reservoir, belonging to the Cyfarthfa Works, and situated well up on the mountain side, burst and washed everything down into the mouth of the tunnel, which was on a gradient. The water rose until it was within three or four feet of the top of the tunnel. About ten o'clock at night a market train returning to Merthyr ran into this, and, while no one was drowned, everybody experienced a rather discomforting time of it. The few passengers in the train escaped by getting out of the windows and climbing on to the roof of the carriages, and remaining there until such time as the railway men, with the assistance of the police with ropes and ladders, were able to get them out. I was amongst the staff who went from Merthyr Station to assist. During the time I was at Merthyr, too, I recall that a Brecon and Merthyr Railway Company's passenger train had just arrived at the station, which was the terminus station, when it was run into in the rear by a train of twenty loaded coal-trucks, which had broken away from the engine in the tunnel and had run back with terrific speed, colliding with the passenger train before the people had left it. Several were killed and many injured. The result of the accident was, however, that from that time forward, instead of placing two engines at the front of the train, as had hitherto been done, the company placed one engine in the rear, so that even if a train parted it could always be controlled.

"As soon as I entered the railway service I associated myself with the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. The local branch-secretary, under whom I also worked as under-guard—he being guard in charge when I went to Pontypool—is now my present assistant-secretary in London, a position he has occupied for the last five years. I remember his meeting with a terrible accident, by which he lost his hand and foot, so that he was more unfortunate than I was in my accident.

"When I was removed from Pontypool Road to Swansea, in 1886, I found that there was no branch of the Railway Servants' Society there. I therefore set to work and got enough men to join to establish a branch, of which I was appointed local secretary. Working from this, I succeeded in opening six other branches, all of which are now strong, influential, and powerful branches. This work gave me a certain influence as one worker among others, and I was generally looked upon as the local leader of the men. The railway company was prejudiced against the combination of its men, and the late General Manager, Mr. Lambert, sent for me in the December of 1890, and after giving me some fatherly advice as to the error of my ways, suggested that I might now give up my activity for the men, seeing that I had done so much for them, and do a bit for myself. He almost insinuated that if I did there would be a better job waiting for me. He was very good, kind, and courteous, and, possibly, if I had acted on his advice I might now be enjoying some official position on the Great Western Railway. I was, however, not able to see my way clear to casting aside the confidence which a large number of men had placed in me. While I felt I had done them some good by ameliorating their position and easing their burdens, I felt more proud of their confidence and of that work than I should have been able to in any official position the Company might be able to give me. I therefore respectfully declined the offer. The result of this refusal was not long in coming. It was followed by removing me from Swansea to a remote part of Cornwall called Cranbrae, where there were only two engines and two sets of men at the station, and where the Company, no doubt, felt they had arrested my power for 'mischief.' After I had been at Cranbrae about nine months my colleagues in the Society in South Wales refused to allow me to remain there any longer. They called on me to resign, and subscribed sufficient pence per week to make up the wages I had received in the Company's service. When I returned to South Wales my fellow-workmen subscribed fifty pounds and presented me with an illuminated address, of which I have always felt very proud and always shall. In January 1893 I was appointed Organising Secretary to this Society, and in 1897, when a vacancy arose through the resignation of Mr. Harford, I was appointed General Secretary, at first temporarily and afterwards permanently. In the latter year the famous struggle between the men of the North Eastern Railway and the company started. It was much the same as the one which is now going on with the other railways. The men had grievances which they wanted redressed, and the Company would not recognise the Union. The struggle lasted only seven days. We offered to refer the matter to arbitration, and this was agreed to by the Company. Lord James of Hereford was the president of the tribunal, which sat to receive evidence, and, representing the men, I was brought into constant contact with him. I formed a very high estimate of his character. Indeed, I know no man of his class of whom I have formed a higher estimate. I thought he was scrupulously fair in all his dealings, at all events, in all his dealings with me, and I should always place any case I had to do with in his hands. The upshot of the matter was, we got substantial alterations in the conditions of the men, which have been the basis for others to work on, and since that time the Company and ourselves have been on most friendly relations.

"At the time of the struggle a rival organisation of engine-drivers and firemen, small and uninfluential in itself, wanted to come in. I refused to agree to this, for Lord James had decided that the dispute was one between the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and the North-Eastern Railway, and he thought that no other society should be allowed to come in. I therefore won on that point. The Company, in order to gratify the men who had lost, called their representatives as witnesses on its behalf. One of them was an engine-driver. In his statement he said that the duties and responsibilities of engine-drivers were less than they were twenty years previously, and he made certain other such ridiculous statements. On the Saturday following his examination, this same engine-driver, running one of the Scotch expresses from Edinburgh to Newcastle, ran by all his signals for about six miles into Newcastle Central Station, and collided with another train standing at the platform, injuring his fireman and two other people. I informed Lord James of this at the first meeting the following week. He remembered the evidence given, and, as a man of the world, knew it was insincere, and jocularly suggested that the railway men about Newcastle would feel a kind of Christian rejoicing at what had happened. I am a strong advocate of every man doing his duty to his employers faithfully and honestly, and demanding justice to himself in return.

"During the existence of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants we have done a great work towards increasing the safety of the men as well as of the travelling public. Accidents on the railways to-day are not half so many as they were twenty years ago, notwithstanding that the number of men employed is nearly double. This advantage has been achieved by the society, not directly with the companies, but through Parliament and the Board of Trade.

"There is little doubt that the position I hold helped me in my appeal to the constituency of Derby in 1900. If I had not been here, my credentials would certainly not have been so good as they are. My standing for Parliament was due to the desire of the Society. I had received invitations from the Trades Councils of a dozen or more constituencies, Derby being among them. I chose it owing to the friendly position which existed there between the Trades Council and the Liberal Party. The Liberal Party agreed to bring out one candidate only, leaving the Trades Council to bring out the other. Both bodies worked harmoniously together, and we won both seats in that memorable year of 1900, which made Derby, at that period, one of the few bright spots on the map. The last Election repeated the same thing, and the same friendly relations existed between all of us. I ought to say that the Liberal Party in Derby, although it always worked as earnestly for my return as for its own candidate, has never asked me a question, or for a single pledge to support anything in connection with the Liberal Party, but has simply and honestly trusted me. The same thing must be said about the Trades Council. They have not bothered me about any pledge or promise, but have worked energetically for me and placed full confidence in me. That confidence I am not prepared to sacrifice or to betray in any way. I am a great believer in liberty of conscience and in liberty of action, and with these, I maintain, other things will work themselves out."

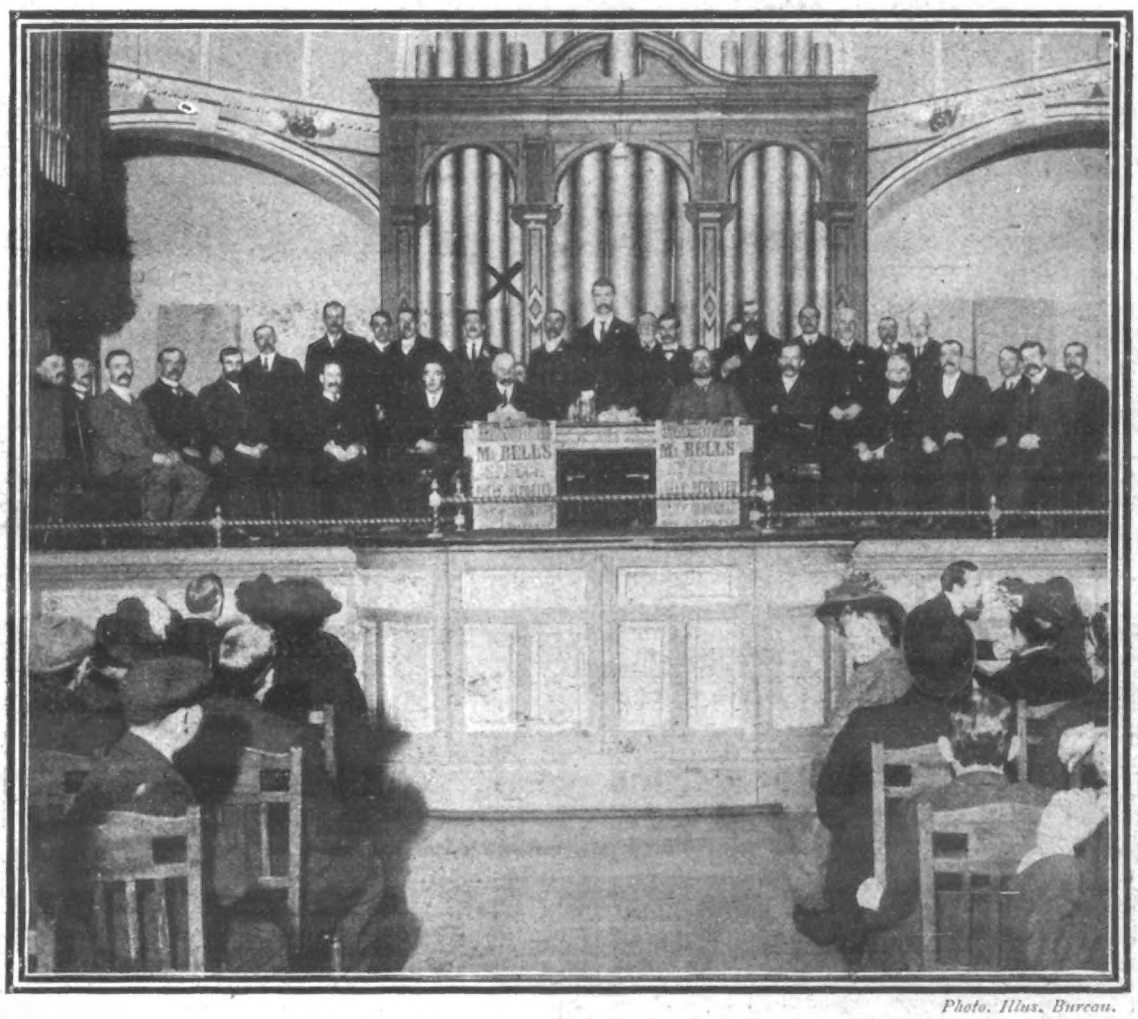

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

WHERE MR. BELL MADE HIS FIGHTING SPEECH.

The important meeting at Battersea last Monday evening, at which many leaders of the men's movement and the men themselves were present. Mr. Bell is marked by a cross.

NELSON'S DAY.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.

THE 102nd anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar was celebrated in London and other parts of the country last Monday.

Flags flew from many of the public buildings, while in London Nelson's Column was decorated with a profusion of wreaths, arranged under the supervision of the Navy League. Thousands of people visited the Square during the day, and the crowd was so great at times that the police had to marshal the people in procession round the four sides of the column.

A chaplet of bay leaves, inscribed: "To the immortal memory of Nelson, from the Navy League," was placed on the tomb of Nelson in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Nelson's old flagship, the *Victory*, in Portsmouth Harbour, was dressed all over in rainbow bunting, while garlands of evergreens decorated mastheads, and the historic signal was flown.

In the evening there were two banquets in celebration of the great battle. At the Whitehall Rooms, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was the guest of the Royal Navy Club, with Admiral Sir Archibald L. Douglas in the chair. The members of the Navy League dined at the Trocadero.

PENNILESS HONEYMOON.

A NEWLY married pair had left the Jewish synagogue in Rykestrasse on Monday, says the *Express*, and the bride had taken her seat in the carriage, when the bridegroom was seized by an official executor, armed with a warrant to levy a personal distress for an unpaid debt.

"Give me your watch and chain," said the executor. The bridegroom obeyed. "Give me your purse." The bridegroom tendered his purse. "Empty your pockets." Once more the bridegroom obeyed with a gloomy face, and was then released.

During this dramatic scene the bride covered her face and wept, while a large crowd jeered. The bridegroom hurried into the carriage and started on his honeymoon in a penniless state.

CURED BY PRAYER.

AFTER having been bedridden for eighteen months and confined to her room for six years, as the result of a bicycle accident, Mrs. Williams, a Liverpool widow of sixty, recently rose one morning and walked round the room, since when she has continued to gain strength. She ascribes her remarkable cure to prayer.

ENGINE-DRIVER DIES AT HIS POST.

NECESSITY FOR MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

THE case of an engine-driver who died while actually driving a train, investigated by the Leicester coroner last Monday, is of the utmost importance in view of the Shrewsbury disaster.

The driver, whose name was Thomas Wilkins, was taking a goods train from Loughborough to Leicester on Saturday night. He appeared in excellent health when he started, but during the journey he suddenly gave a cry, and died from heart-failure.

Dr. Reddett said Wilkins was suffering from one of the worst forms of heart disease, and if he had been medically examined recently this might have been discovered. Engine-drivers should, in his opinion, be examined every two or three years.

The coroner said it was a serious thing that a man should drive an engine while in such a condition.

"The Shrewsbury accident may have been due to a similar cause," the foreman of the jury remarked.

It was stated that the fireman, who found his companion lying with his back against the tender, took the train safely to Leicester.

SINGER'S PRINCELY SALARY.

SIGNOR CARUSO, the famous tenor, has confided to a Viennese journalist that he has signed an engagement for the next four years, the terms of which, he says, are "not bad."

"For eighty performances per annum," he said, "I am to receive £32,000, and a gramophone society is to pay me £8000 more. This is exclusive of the private engagements I may make to attend soirees at the houses of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, and other people in New York, which will bring me in another £8000. The Metropolitan Opera Company pays my travelling expenses and my hotel bills while I am in New York."

Continuing, Signor Caruso remarked: "I am above all an actor. I always keep my eyes open in the streets, and I note down my impressions.

"I do not consider myself to be the first tenor in the world, but I am the best paid."

TRAFALGAR DAY.

The crowd round the decorated Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square last Monday. This year is said to have attracted more sightseers than ever.

PROSECUTOR'S CURIOUS MISTAKE.

A PROSECUTOR'S curious mistake was explained at Brentford on Monday, when Thomas Rule and George May were charged with stealing articles from outside a shop in Southall. It transpired that May, who was really helping to capture Rule, was mistaken by the prosecutor for an accomplice, and subsequently taken in custody.

UNION JACK CLUB

THIRTEEN THOUSAND MEN OCCUPY BED-ROOMS SINCE ITS OPENING LAST JULY.

THAT the Union Jack Club in the Waterloo Road is supplying a long-felt want is amply proved by the fact that, since its opening by the King last July, 13,000 men have occupied the bed-rooms provided.

At present, however, these 204 rooms are insufficient to meet the demand, and the council are desirous of extending the site. This would enable them to increase the number of rooms by 150, and with the object of obtaining the balance of the sum required, they have formulated a scheme for an illustrated magazine to be produced for sale at a popular price next year. Several well-known authors and authoresses have already promised practical support, but it is hoped that publishers, printers, and artists will also render assistance.

Communications should be addressed to the editor-in-chief, Major H. F. Trippel, Onslow Hall, Richmond, Surrey.

LAWN-TENNIS.

THERE was disappointment awaiting those who imagined that the final of the gentlemen's London covered courts championship would produce a good game on Monday. M. J. G. Ritchie and Max Decugis were the "qualified" pair, and the Englishman was favourite. But he gave a display much below his proper form, and in the end he was beaten easily by the Frenchman, who won by 6—2, 6—4, 6—2. The holder, A. F. Wilding, did not defend his title. Much more interesting was the final of the ladies' event, in which a surprise was forthcoming, inasmuch as Miss Eastlake Smith, the holder, was defeated by Miss A. N. G. Greene, the scores being 2—6, 6—3, 10—8. One feature of the meeting was the superb form of R. F. Doherty, who, if he could only give the necessary time, would again hold his own with the best.

GOLF.

JAMES BRAID won the Professional Golfers' Association Tournament at Sunningdale last week, that accomplished, but unlucky player, J. H. Taylor, being second. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein presented the prizes at the end of the tournament, the complete list being—First prize and £100: James Braid (Walton Heath). Second prize and £30: J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey). Third and fourth prizes and £15 each: Harry Vardon (South Herts) and E. Ray (Ganton). Four prizes of £10 each: C. W. Pope (Fort William), J. Edmundson (Portrush), J. G. Sherlock (Oxford University), and C. H. Mayo (Burhill). Eight prizes of £5 each: Jas. Kinnell (Purley Downs), Tom Williamson (Notts), Ernest Gray (Littlehampton), Alex. Herd (Huddersfield), R. Thomson (North Berwick), A. Mitchell (East Sussex), W. J. Leaver (Worsley), and George Pulford (Hoylake).

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

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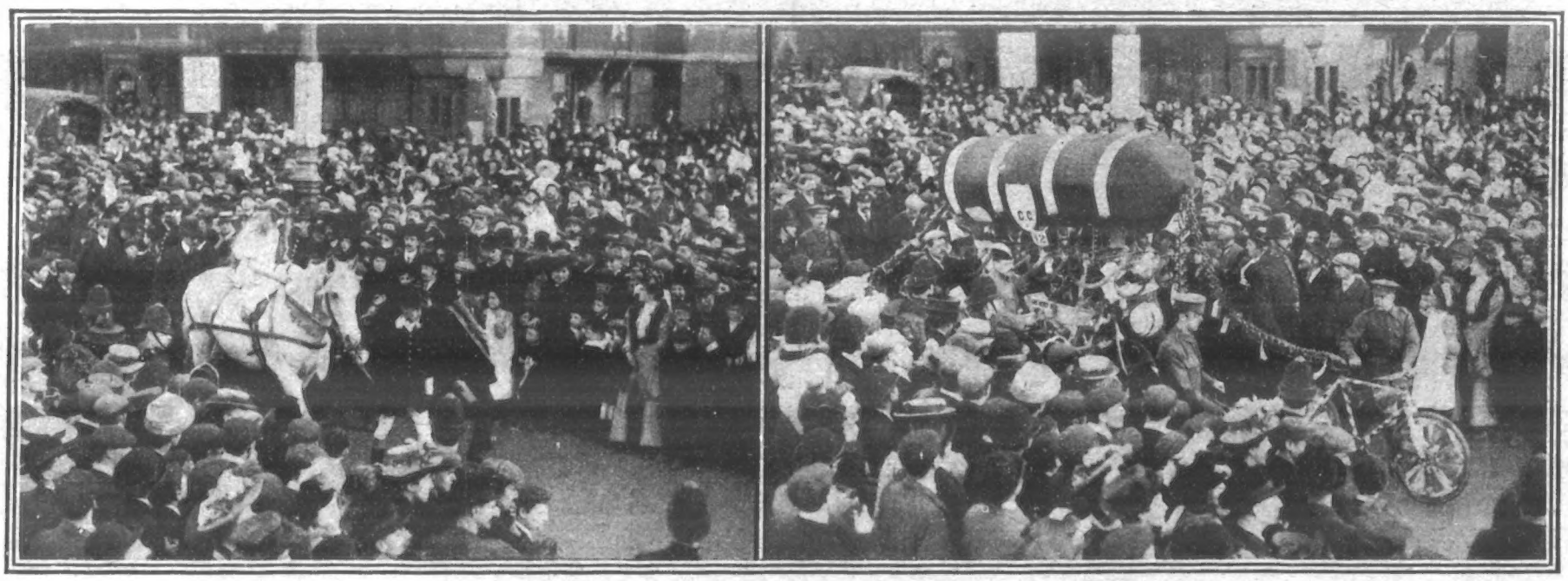
FIGHTING VIVISECTION: THE BATTERSEA CARNIVAL.



A carnival was held at Battersea last Saturday in aid of the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital, to the funds of which the Hospital Sunday Fund has refused to contribute. The above pictures show a respectably garbed Lady Godiva parading the streets, and a working model of the "Nulli Secundus."

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

IN these days, when "how bad times are" is almost as familiar a topic of conversation as the weather, it comes as a positive relief, even though it be only "make believe," to meet someone like Montgomery Brewster, now comfortably installed once more at the Hicks Theatre, who is anxious to spend a quarter of a million as soon as possible. As a matter of fact, however, apart from Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's fine performance, the success of "Brewster's Millions" is largely due to the catching spirit of the play. The devil-may-care vein running through it is most infectious, and although quite beyond the realms of possibility, the novel idea of the will and its conditions serves as an excellent basis for a couple of hours' uproarious laughter. Altogether, "Brewster's Millions" is well worth seeing again—of course, you have seen it once—as the play is well cast, and those who appreciate clever character-studies cannot fail to enjoy Miss Jane May's impersonation of a lady typist. This is quite the best thing yet done by Edna's charming sister.

***

"Among the Brigands" is the title of the new play, a roaring farce, written by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, which will be produced shortly. The scenes, I learn, are laid in Russia, and, according to present arrangements, we may expect to see the Misses Esme Beringer, Annie Hill, and Adelina Balfe in the cast.

***

Before long I should not be surprised to see Mr. Cyril Maude produce, for a series of matinées, at the Playhouse, the enormously successful play "Buster Brown," founded on the adventures of that precocious, though withal refreshingly enterprising, young gentleman, as set forth in the *New York Herald*. It seems, however, that there is a certain amount of difficulty in securing the right boy to play Buster.

***

On Saturday evening next Miss Sybil Arundale will make her first appearance at the Tivoli in some new songs, written by her versatile brother Claude, who, it may be remembered, was responsible for "The Gipsy Girl" at the Waldorf Theatre last year.

***

If you want to see a really clever exhibition of horsemanship, and a most beautiful Russian lady as well, you should drop in one afternoon or evening at Hengler's, where Mlle. Wardia Beketow gives one of the finest exhibitions of "haute école" I have ever seen. Rightly or wrongly, many people associate the training of horses for the circus with a certain amount of cruelty, but Mlle. Beketow told me the other night that the use of the whip was rigidly forbidden in her brother's Russian circus. This is good news indeed.

***

Mr. Seymour Hicks has arranged for a flying matinée tour of several of the suburban and principal theatres, when, supported by Miss Zena Dare and a strong cast, he will appear in a triple bill, comprising "Papa's Wife," "Scrooge," and "You and I."

***

Miss Marie Studholme, who has been playing the principal part in "My Darling," tells me that the night before a certain big race recently she received a letter, sent by special messenger, which ran as follows—

"DEER MISS STUDHOLME, — If—(mentioning the name of a certain horse in the race)—wins the big raice to-morrer, I ham agoing to maike yew my bonni bride.

"Wen yew leeves the theatre, if the 'orse cops, I shall be awaiting for yew in a 'ansom, and we will fly together like love birds. I 'ave always 'ad a week spot in my 'art for Gaiety akteresses, and yew is the best of the blooming bunch. Bles yer pretty faice, 'ow I loves yer! Wear would yer loike to spend the honymoon? It's all the same to me, and blow the ekspenses if the 'orse cops. Yours till my 'art stops beetin."

I would add, by-the-bye, that the noble steed in question finished amongst the "also ran," "and," says Miss Studholme, "it seems to me I am therefore done out of a sporting husband."

***

When the Coliseum reopens we are to have two shows a day, the programme of which will, says Mr. Oswald Stoll, be based on that of his suburban Empires, only, of course, stronger and more expensive talent will be provided. Among other attractions, of which more anon, I am told we are to see a Continental lady who will dance on the tips of her fingers. This certainly sounds quite a novelty—and most uncomfortable for the lady.

***

"The Convict on the Hearth," by Mr. Frederick Fenn, who, as all the world knows, was the author of "Amasis," is now preceding "The Sugar-Bowl" at the Queen's Theatre.

***

Despite the strenuous efforts made by their managers to work up public enthusiasm in wrestling contests, I scarcely think it likely that this winter there will be a boom in wrestling; and perhaps this is not to be regretted, for in the past "faked" matches have been all too frequent. In the forthcoming tournament, however, we should see some real, genuine contests, and although I imagine the winner will stand but a poor chance against the mighty Hackenschmidt, providing the Russian is fit and well, a further contest for the championship of the world should prove intensely interesting. Quite apart from his great strength, it has always seemed to me that one of the secrets of Hackenschmidt's consistent success lies in the fact that he is an extraordinarily quick-thinker—and quick thinking is a very valuable asset indeed on the wrestling-mat.

***

"Les Cloches de Corneville," the new ballet at the Alhambra, is worth going a long way to see, and should draw crowded houses for many weeks to come. I think, however, that a little more comic relief in the later scenes would be a great improvement. This fault, no doubt, will soon be remedied. Signorina Bordin, as the Spirit of the Bells, dances divinely; Miss Julia Seale as Grenicheux is always in the picture, while a word of praise must also be given to Signor Rosi, who makes of Miser Gaspard a very clever study.

***

Mr. George Alexander finished his tour of "His House in Order" at the Lyceum, Edinburgh, on Saturday last. He is now preparing for the production of "The Thief," adapted by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox from Bernstein's play, "Le Voleur." The principal parts will be played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and Mr. Alexander.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo. Rita Martin.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Miss Lily Brayton as Rosalind.

OPINIONS ON STAGE CENSORSHIP.

THE question agitating the theatrical world is whether or not stage censorship should be abandoned. Here are the opinions of the greatest emotional actress of the day and the Archdeacon of London—

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

"The public is the true censor, and the only censor. In Paris we have no censor, but if a piece is obscene or truly immoral it is hissed out of the theatre.

"The censor confines the dramatist—he hampers him. The public has many points of view—the censor but one. *Tiens, mon ami*, say that a little more amiably and with more fervour."

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

The censorship has been at times erratic and inconsistent. Some plays have been passed which, from any point of view, were undesirable, and others forbidden in which there seems no particular harm. Of course, it must be exceedingly difficult for a censor to read everything and to draw a line between being absolutely prudish and too lax. But, on the whole, the office has been useful and necessary, and there can, I think, be little doubt but that it would be most serious if there was absolutely free license for the production of everything.

The police, of course, could interfere, but it would be most difficult for them to do so, and would entail the appointment of regular officers to protect the decency of the stage.

If you leave it to public opinion, most likely the best houses would conduct their business as they are now doing, but there might be some which would cater to a depraved taste. It is rather noticeable that when a play is mentioned as having any improper character the house is sure to be crowded.

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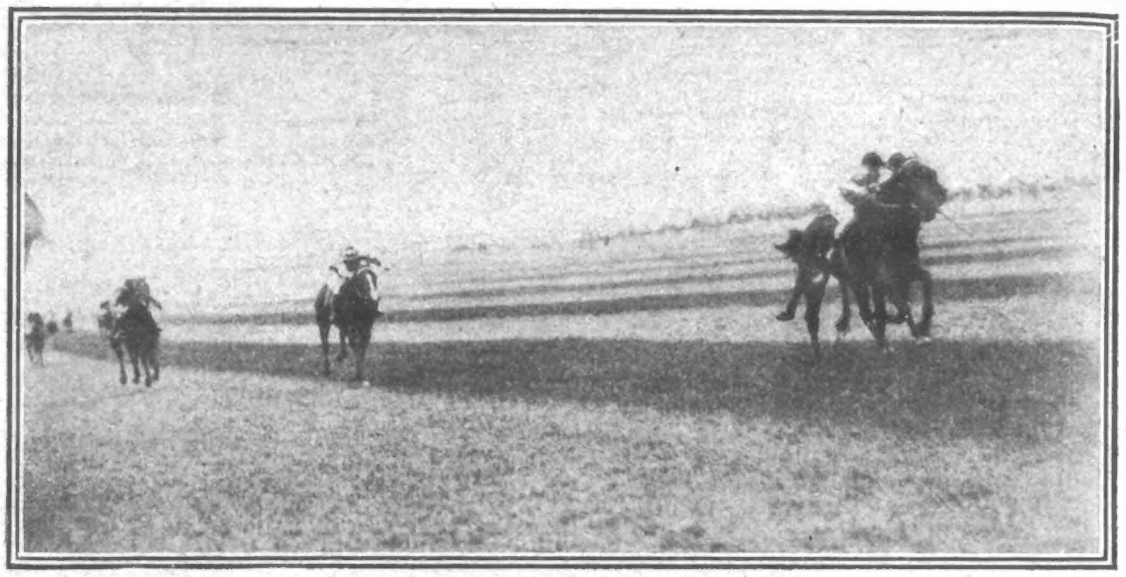
THE WORLD OF PASTIME.



THE FINISH OF THE CESAREWITCH.

The great classic race this year was notable not for the victory of Demure, but for the splendid running of that great horse, The White Knight, which was second under the welter weight of 9 st. 12 lb. Our photograph on the left shows the wonderful boy-jockey, Wootton, who rode the winner, talking to Mr. J. E. Brewer, the trainer of Demure.

FOOTBALL.

THERE is no question about Manchester United's ability. They have by far the best record of any club in the First Division of the League, and they may well be described as a team of internationals. To beat Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park is a difficult task under any circumstances, but to win by five goals to one away from home, and against such a team as the Rovers, is a performance quite out of the common.

This feat, together with the downfall of Sheffield Wednesday on their own ground at Owlerton, brought the United three points in front of the Sheffielders, who were, and still are, the nearest rivals to the Mancunians. The latter's record in the competition will bear quoting. They have, at the time of writing, played nine matches, of which they have won eight and lost one. Moreover, they have scored no fewer than thirty-two goals and have only given away eight. It is truly a great performance, and unless they fall away to a remarkable extent, they should win the championship. But, after all, they have a long way to go.

Sheffield Wednesday lost their match with Aston Villa, despite the fact that they were playing at Owlerton, and that further strengthens the United position. Certainly the victory was only gained by three goals to two, but undoubtedly the better team won. Chelsea somewhat redeemed their character by drawing with Birmingham away from home, each side scoring one goal, and it is to be hoped that the Stamford Bridge club will show us more of that excellent form that they undoubtedly possess.

Woolwich Arsenal are making progress up the League ladder, and are now sixth from the bottom. Last Saturday they gained a victory over Liverpool at the Manor Field by two goals to one. It was a near thing though, and it was anybody's game all along; but the home team deserved to win, if only for their superior shooting. It is interesting to note that the game was for the benefit of Coleman and McEachrane, two of the most brilliant players the Arsenal have ever had.

Bolton Wanderers, playing on their own ground, just got the better of Notts Forest by one goal to nil, but it was a point of such a nature as to require special reference, for Owen's shot was one of the most brilliant ever seen in any match. Bristol City and Bury played a draw of one goal each, and Everton defeated Sheffield United by two goals to one. Manchester City, on their own ground, got the better of Newcastle United by one goal to nil; Preston North End won by a similar score against Notts County, and the match between Sunderland and Middlesbrough resulted in a goalless draw.

The Second Division series was chiefly notable for the defeat of Fulham at Craven Cottage by two goals to one. The latter had Oldham Athletic for opponents, and it was hardly expected that the home team would lose the match. However, there is no question that on the run of the play, Oldham deserved to win. Clapton Orient were not playing in the League, being engaged in a cup tie with the Newportonians, which they won readily enough.

In the Southern League Brentford were subjected to a very bad beating by Southampton, who scored three goals without a response. There appears to be no reason to suppose that the best team did not win, though such a beating came as a surprise to their supporters.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL BEAT LIVERPOOL BY THE ODD GOAL IN THREE.
A run down the field by Arsenal.

LONDON SCOTTISH BEAT OXFORD UNIVERSITY BY 25 POINTS TO NIL: BROUGHT DOWN ON THE LINE.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

It will be either cross-country running or walking for the rest of the season, at least, so far as England is concerned, or Great Britain for that matter, but for some little time to come there will be no serious attempt at hard work. Our harrier clubs are, fortunately, governed by older and wiser heads than some very excellent young men whose youth is against their knowing the difference between husbanding their strength and exhausting their physical powers.

The Blackheath Harriers had an eight-miles scratch walking race over the usual course from Chislehurst to Blackheath, and there was a big entry, though the club crack, T. E. Hammond, did not compete. According to the conditions, the race carried with it the Johnson Challenge Bowl, with which was associated a sealed handicap. The holder was A. E. Harding, and he won again, and had for his runner-up E. H. Neville.

The winner's time was 66 min. 11 sec.—a very fine performance for a road race. Neville occupied 66 min. 16 sec. J. R. Barnes-Moss was third, and he also put up a creditable performance by covering the distance in 68 min. 4 sec. The sealed handicap was won by C. Waller, whose start was 12 min.

The Herne Hill Harriers held their three-miles open novices' race at their headquarters, and there was a very good entry. The winner was J. F. Streek, who covered the distance in 16 min. 48 sec., very good form indeed for a beginner, and one that gives promise of better things to come. D. W. Rodwell, Oxford House Harriers, was second, and he also showed good form. F. J. Mills, Polytechnic Harriers, was third.

The Brighton and County Harriers' four-miles scratch race and sealed handicap, which was decided at Brighton last Saturday, resulted in fifteen competitors facing the starter. After an interesting contest, H. S. Pullinger was first in the level event, and L. H. T. D. Smith, a brother of the Cambridge Blue, A. S. D. Smith, won the handicap with an allowance of 90 sec.

Many clubs were engaged in training runs, and no doubt enjoyed their useful outings, but beyond here and there a mile run-in, there was no racing of any note worthy of attaching to the foregoing remarks.

LACROSSE.

Chiefly through weak defence Essex were beaten by Surrey at Snaresbrook by seven goals to four. It was Surrey's opening game, and though their attack was not superior to that of Essex, they have every reason to be satisfied with their initial performance this season. Kent went to Lords to meet Middlesex, and gained a victory by eight goals to four. E. P. Jones was in great form for Kent, and scored six times. The sides were level at half-time at four goals each, but Jones subsequently nonplussed the Middlesex defence, and put on four more goals for the hop county.

TRICKS BY THE BOY CHAMPION OF DIABOLO: FREAK PLAY BY MARCEL MEUNIER.

Marcel Meunier has been giving an example of his skill at the Holborn Empire. Some of his best tricks are here illustrated He can throw the diabolo and catch it again sixty-five times in a minute.—*Photos. Topical.*

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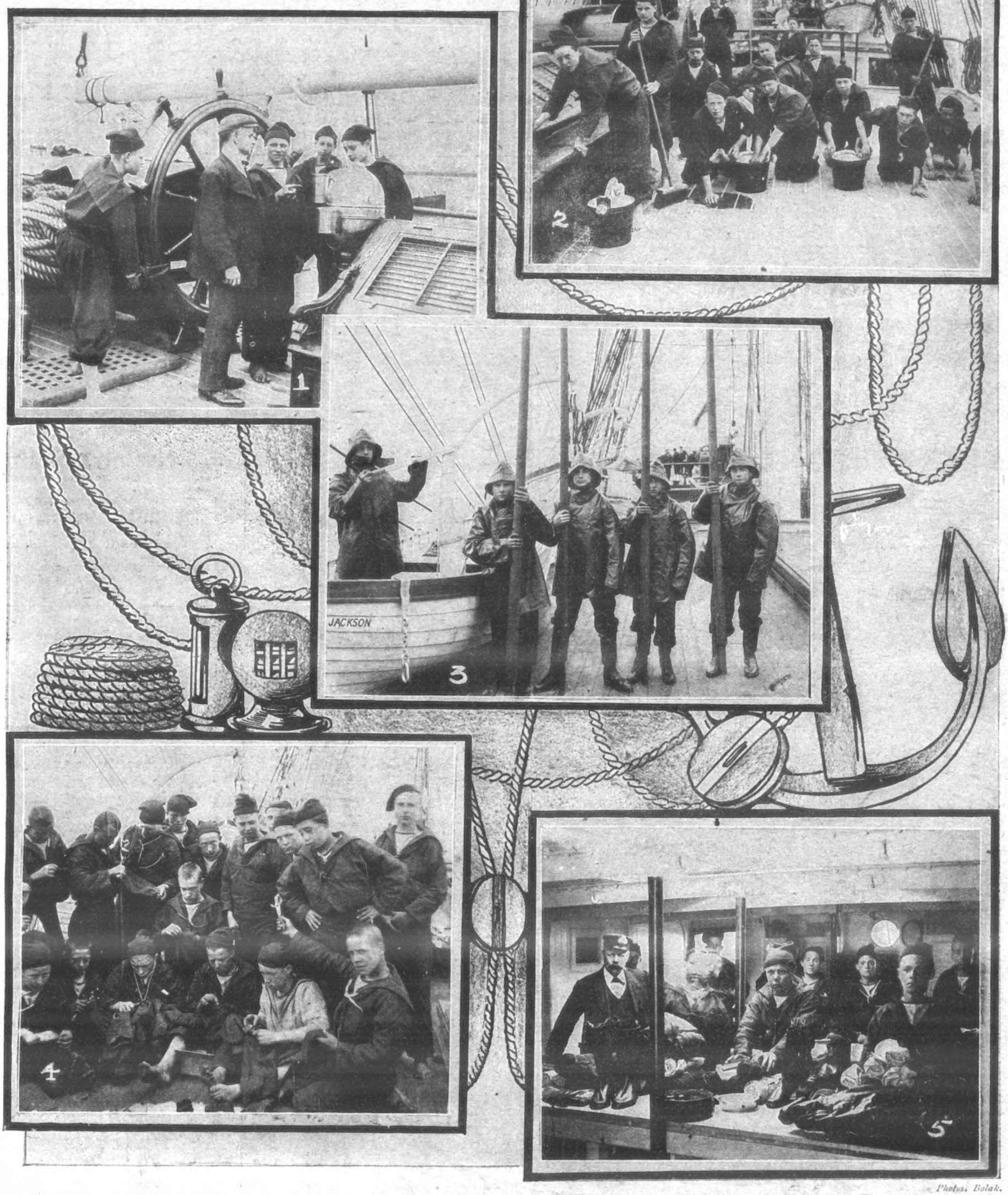
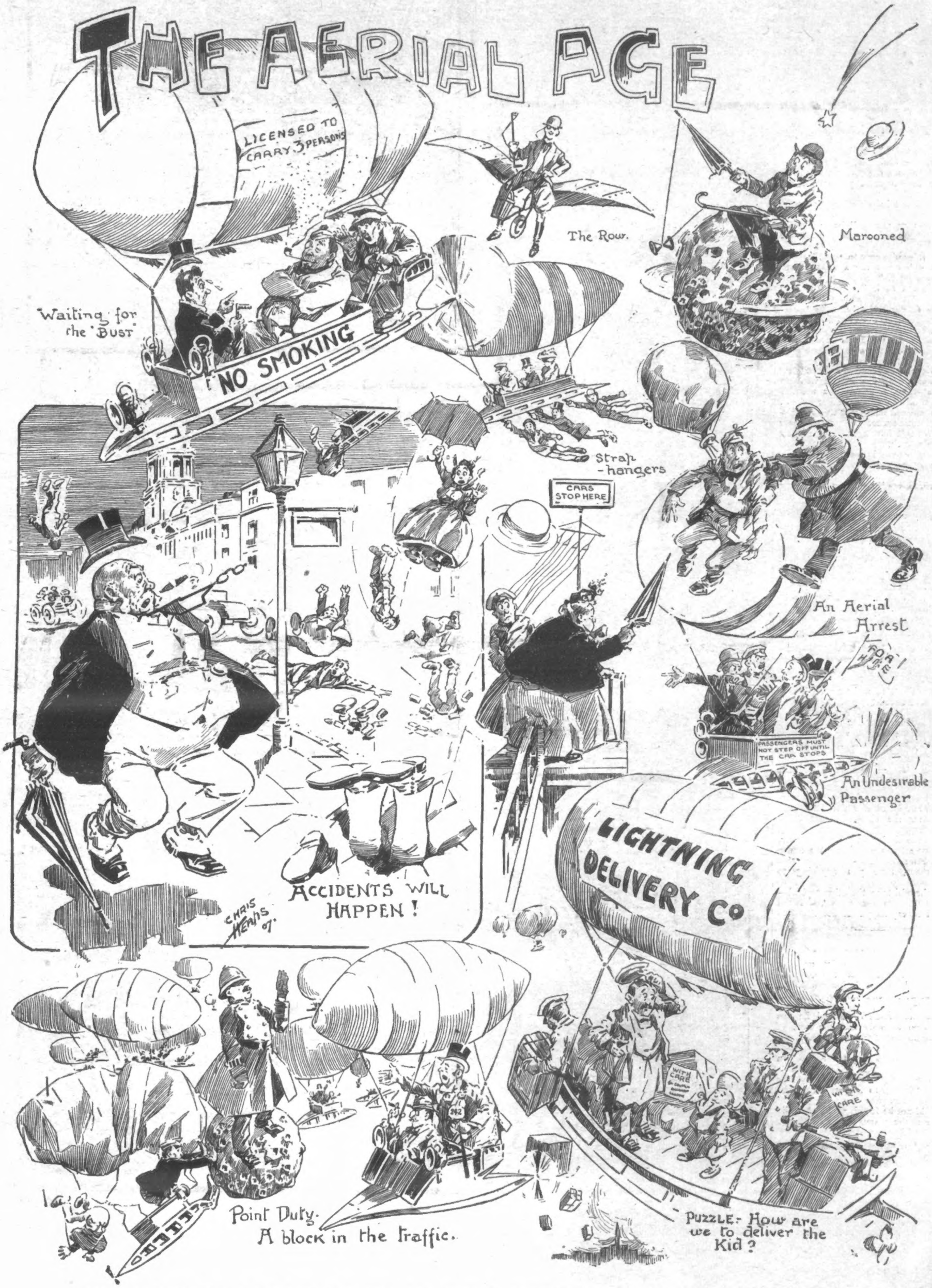
THE WEEK AFTER NEXT.

BOYS FOR THE BRINY.



Photos. Bolak.

The training-ship "Port Jackson" has just sailed for another long ocean voyage, carrying her crew of youngsters anxious to become sailors. The last trip was most successful, and the training is nothing if not practical, for the boys are instructed in everything appertaining to the sea. Our photographs show (1) An instructor explaining the use of the compass; (2) Scrubbing down the deck; (3) Manning a boat; (4) The boys mending their own clothes; and (5) An inspection of kits.



OUR ARTIST'S DREAM OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Easy, Yet——

The shopkeeper was booking an order from a young but wealthy customer whose name he had entirely forgotten. He tried to get the name without betraying himself.

"Let me see," he said. "You spell your name the easy way, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the youth, "I suppose it seems easy to most people, but it 's really Hard."

This did not help the shopkeeper at all.

"I beg your pardon," he confessed, "but I shall have to ask you how to spell it."

"Oh, it 's quite easy to spell."

"But didn't you say a moment ago that it was hard?"

"Yes; and so it is. But it 's easy too."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because it 's H-a-r-d—Hard.—*Chums.*

Economical.

The vicar's wife heard of a desperately poor family. Of course, she went to see about it, and a man with a month's growth of beard opened the door for her.

The room certainly wasn't very cheerful, but in one corner there was a stove which was still burning, although it was after ten o'clock.

"Well," she said to the man, "why do you keep your stove burning all day?"

"Well, Mum," he answered, "we ain't got no matches, an' if we put it out, we couldn't never light it again, you see, Mum."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

In Return.

A Scottish newspaper artist got a letter one day from a man in London who said he was making a collection of sketches.

"I have drawings from well-known newspaper artists in most British cities," this man wrote, "but I have none from your town. I have seen some of your work, and I think it is good. If you will send me some little sketch for my collection I shall have it framed."

The artist thought for a while and then replied—

"I am about to make a collection of £5 notes. I haven't secured many specimens as yet, but as I am particularly anxious to start with one from London, if you send me one for my collection I shall be glad to have it framed."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

"Just a Word."

The prisoner was charged with murder, and in spite of his counsel's greatest endeavours, the case was very black against him.

When the closing speeches were over, the Judge asked the defendant, a burly, low-browed scoundrel—

"Prisoner, have you anything to say?"

In a cheerful tone the other replied—

"Just a word, my lord. I am opposed to capital punishment."—*Tit-Bits.*

Sold.

A rummage sale was going on at a certain country church on the outskirts of Liverpool, and a local magnate shed the light of his countenance upon the assemblage.

Immediately upon his arrival, he was called upon to assist with the work of propping up a stall which showed imminent signs of collapsing.

He placed his shining tall hat on an adjacent stall and went to the rescue.

Soon it was accomplished, and the magnate returned to the stall where he had left his hat.

It could not be found, and he blandly inquired of the young lady in charge as to what had become of it.

"Oh, dear me," said that young person, "was that your hat? I have just sold it for fourpence!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Conclusive.

Two rustics were discussing one day a newly erected pillar-box in a village street. For a long time they were unable to think of its use, when suddenly one said—

"Aa knaw; it belongs to t' Salvation Army, that 's why it 's painted red."

But after a little consideration the other replied—

"Tha 's wrong, lad; it ca-an't belong to they, because it says, 'No collection on Sundays.'"—*Penny Magazine.*

Quite Simple.

An English commercial traveller, visiting a large Scottish warehouse, made a wager with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employés.

Accordingly he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner, and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it?" asked the manager, in amazement.

"Oh, it 's quite simple," said the traveller, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the unmarried ones don't."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Two Uses for a Baby.

"What is the meaning of this, Sir?" inquired an employer sternly. "Asleep at your desk before midday?"

"I 'm—I 'm extremely sorry, Sir," answered the offending clerk, "but my baby has kept me awake all night."

"Indeed! Then you had better bring the child here to-morrow, and perhaps it will keep you awake during the day too!"—*Penny Magazine.*

Not a Remnant.

A faithful servant-girl burst into tears when her mistress informed her that she could no longer afford to keep her.

"Then what am I to do, Ma'am?" the girl sobbed. "I 've nowhere else to go, and the young man that 's p-promised to marry me has started walkin' out with another girl."

"That 's hard lines, Mary," her mistress answered sympathetically. "But he 's not the only fish in the sea, you know. Why don't you emigrate to Canada? Ten thousand men are wanting wives there, and they 'd grab at you eagerly."

"I daresay they would, Ma'am," Mary snuffled, "but how much would there be left of poor m-me when ten thousand wild backwoodsmen had finished fightin' for me? I 'm not a cheap remnant at a bargain sale, Ma'am!"

And she broke into a fresh fit of inconsolable grief.—*Answers.*

He Didn't Have It Long.

"I haven 't got any case," said the client, "but I have money."

"How much?" asked the lawyer.

"Ten thousand pounds," was the reply.

"Phew! You have the best case I ever heard of. I 'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the lawyer cheerfully.

And he didn't — he went there "broke."—*Tit-Bits.*

Shy of the Water.

One thin, pale man in the large bathing suit, standing knee-deep in the water, sighed.

"Why," we asked, "are you so sad?"

"Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife."

Our lips curled superciliously.

"But you are married again," we murmured.

"Yes," said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."—*Tit-Bits.*

DIABOLOONACY.

VISITOR (in grounds of private asylum): And what 's the matter with that patient? He seems very violent. DOCTOR: Oh, he's a diabolomaniac. Quite harmless, but thinks he 's a diabolo, and is trying to jump between his own legs and catch himself behind his back.

CAMDEN TOWN MURDER MYSTERY: THE INQUEST.

THE inquest on Emily Dimmock was resumed on Monday. Sir Charles Mathews conducted the case for the Treasury.

Hundreds of people who were excluded from the court thronged the roadway, and the coroner himself had to fight his way to the entrance. After the adjournment, and again at the close of the proceedings, the crowd made a hostile demonstration against some of the witnesses.

Wood, the man who is accused of the crime, arrived in the custody of two warders. He remained calm and collected throughout the day, and frequently consulted his solicitor, Mr. Newton.

The case for the Treasury closed shortly before the inquest was again adjourned, and Mr. Newton opened the defence by stating that he would call a number of witnesses—some of whom had been rejected by the police—and would throw an entirely new light on the affair.

The Evidence.

The principal evidence given was intended to show that Wood had been on intimate terms with the murdered woman Dimmock for many months.

Mrs. Helen Lawrance said she saw Wood talking to Dimmock in a public-house some eighteen months ago. She saw them together on the Friday before the murder, and on the following Monday. Dimmock seemed afraid of Wood.

On the Tuesday Wood looked into the bar of the Rising Sun public-house, where Dimmock was sitting, and made signs to her with his eyes, which she acknowledged.

Mrs. Florence Smith, also known as "Emily Stewart," Gladys Warren, and William Lineham all stated that they had seen Wood talking to Dimmock on various occasions, some of which were more than a year ago.

Remarkable evidence was given by Robert McCowen, an out-of-work carman, who passed the scene of the murder, a house in St. Paul's Road, Camden Town, on the morning that the woman met her death.

"I left my home in Chalk Farm Road at 4.40 in the morning," he said, in telling his story. "I had just passed the house in St. Paul's Road when I heard some footsteps.

"I turned round, and saw someone, who had come out of the house, walking rapidly down the road in the opposite direction. I could not see his face, but I saw his back, and I particularly noticed the jaunty manner of his walk.

"A man named Coleman usually met me in the morning. In the expectation of seeing him I looked back five times, and I still saw the man who had left the house. He was wearing dark clothes, and the collar of his overcoat was turned up behind his neck. It was a dirty, drizzling morning."

Photo. Muggeridge.

THE OMNIBUS DISASTER IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

What might have been a very serious accident occurred on Saturday last to one of the London Road Car Company's horse omnibuses in Tottenham Court Road. The omnibus was passing a newly-made trench in the roadway when one of the wheels of the vehicle slipped into the excavation, and the omnibus capsized. No one was seriously injured.

An Important Witness.

On Sept. 14 McCowen made a statement to the police, and on Oct. 7 he attended the Kentish Town Police-station. A number of men were paraded, and ordered to walk. McCowen then stepped out and tapped Wood on the shoulder, with the words "This is the man."

When asked by Mr. Newton to describe the peculiar gait of the man he saw leaving the house, McCowen shrugged his shoulders alternately with a sharp forward movement. He added that the man was rather broader across the shoulders than himself.

At the request of the coroner McCowen and Wood then turned their backs for the jury to make a comparison. Wood displayed exceedingly narrow shoulders.

New Disclosure.

Detective-Sergeant Page produced a post-card album, and said he found it lying across a chair near the window in the bed-room where the murdered girl lay.

Inspector Neil said he came to the conclusion that some postcards had been taken out of the book.

The defence of Wood was opened by the calling of James William Crabtree, who is at present undergoing a term of imprisonment. He stated that he knew Wood and Dimmock.

He also knew a man who had threatened Dimmock. He had a pimply face, and a light brown moustache. Once this man, who was known as "Scotch Jock," picked up a fender and threw it at him when he interfered between him and Dimmock.

Crabtree said that some time in June Dimmock showed him two letters addressed to "Phillis darling." They were in the handwriting of the man who sent the "Rising Sun" postcard to the woman.

The last witness for the day was Mrs May Campbell, who acknowledged that when she went to identify "Scotch Jock" she picked out the wrong man.

"I saw Dimmock in the Euston Road on the night before the murder," she declared. "The man she was with is there," she added, pointed to Wood, who rose to confront her.

The inquest was adjourned.

ACROSS THE WILDS OF AFRICA IN A MOTOR-CAR.

TWO MEN PER TYRE: FORDING A RIVER WITH THE CAR AND ITS SPARE PARTS.

One of the strange incidents in the interesting journey that is being attempted by Senior Lieutenant de Gratz across Africa. He started from German East Africa, and is going straight across the country, regardless of roads. The larger rivers are crossed on a raft. The spare parts of the machine are carried across the fords by a small army of bearers.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME.

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV. *(continued.)*

THE TRUTH.

"THERE is no chance of that now," mocked Lady Cobbin. "Darton is beyond your reach to injure, and you cannot stop the marriage."

"But if Belinda knew what I know about him, she——"

"Ah!" Lady Cobbin pounced like a panther. "So Parley showed you those papers."

"What papers?" asked Mendle, taken aback.

"Those which were contained in the blue envelope—which were taken from the dead man."

"Did Parley have them?" stammered the lawyer, utterly confounded.

"Yes, and tried to sell them to Dr. Darton, through Belinda, for the sum of five hundred pounds."

"Then Parley——"

"Quite so." Lady Cobbin adjusted her eye-glass and looked at him keenly. "I believe that Parley murdered Arthur Gerson. If not, he could scarcely have obtained the papers, since the dead man had them concealed in his breast-pocket. This boy"—she indicated Paddy—"is a liar."

"He is not!" shouted Mrs. O'Toole, who had been listening with all her ears. "He saw that bar'nit murder, like a thaving villain he is."

"Did you?" Lady Cobbin pounced again—this time on Paddy.

"Y—e—s," he quavered out, trembling and white.

"You shocking little liar! I suspected the truth of your story from the very first. You said that Mr. Gerson was murdered by means of a scarf, which he wore round his throat."

"And so he was," said Mendle hurriedly. "The tri-coloured scarf——"

"I am aware of the colours," retorted Lady Cobbin sharply; "but Arthur did not wear it on that night."

"But," stammered the lawyer, "you heard yourself — Belinda stated that Arthur got that scarf from Harriet."

"He did not wear it on that night," repeated Lady Cobbin decidedly. "That is true, as Mrs. Gerson told me. Arthur left it at home when he went out to meet Embers, and he did not have it on when he entered the tobacco-shop to speak to his wife, about ten. But Parley wore it. He wrapped it round his throat when going to your office on that same evening. Parley had the scarf; Parley had the papers; and, in spite of Paddy's story, Parley strangled Arthur."

"But why should he?" Mendle was extremely surprised.

"Because Arthur had beaten Ellen."

"Even then," stammered the lawyer, perplexed by this untoward turn of the case, "even then, how could he? Parley was in this office all the evening. I left him here; he was here when I returned."

"I daresay; but in the meantime, and while you were absent, he slipped out with the scarf and murdered Arthur."

"How could he know where Arthur was to be found?"

"Ellen may have learned from Arthur about the spot where he was to meet Darton—at the top of Shore Lane, that is—and may have told her father. I'll ask her."

"There is no need," said Mendle, going to the door; "we can have first-hand evidence. Parley! Parley!" he called, opening the door.

One of the junior clerks presented himself. "He has gone to luncheon, Sir, and will be back in half an hour."

Mendle turned to Lady Cobbin. "Shall I send for him?"

"No," she said unexpectedly. "Close that door," then, when the lawyer did so, she continued. "It will not do to let Parley think that he is suspected, else he may run away. We will wait for his return and hear what reply he can make to my accusation. Meanwhile, I should like to know why Paddy here told a lie."

"He hasn't!" shouted Mrs. O'Toole again.

"He has, and therefore he must have been bribed. Now, then, Paddy, have not you and your mother been bribed—say, with five hundred pounds—to suppress the truth and accuse Sir Samuel Embers?"

Paddy looked at Mendle and at his mother; then his lips moved almost automatically. "Y—e—s," he quavered again, and began to sob violently.

"Sure, you're killin' the boy!" cried Mrs. O'Toole, darting at her son and taking him on her ample lap.

Mendle paid no attention to this action, but looked at Lady Cobbin. "Why five hundred pounds?" he asked.

"That was the sum Parley asked for the papers," she informed him.

"Then he must be guilty," declared Mendle.

"Paddy can tell us." She turned to the boy. "Did you not see an old man with white hair kill Arthur Gerson?" she demanded.

Paddy stared at her with widely open blue eyes, and then his gaze wandered to Mendle. He tried to speak, but his head fell back on to his mother's breast and he quietly fainted away. "There!" shouted Mrs. O'Toole, still noisy, "you've kilt the gossoon, bad luck to you."

Lady Cobbin shrugged her shoulders, not at all alarmed by the boy's condition. She suspected Paddy of being extremely artful, and the instrument, as was his mother, of Robert Parley. He was quite capable of fainting purposely, so as to gain time. But Lady Cobbin determined not to leave the room until she had brought him face to face with his employer. Then Paddy would have to speak out. Hitherto he had behaved like a crafty fox, both in and out of the hospital; but already he had been caught telling a lie, and his powers of deception would come to an end when Parley was examined.

While Mrs. O'Toole was bringing the boy round—or pretending to, for Lady Cobbin suspected that she was as great a fraud as her precious son—Mendle talked in low tones to the inquiry agent. He professed himself thunderstruck that Parley should be guilty, and proposed to go out at once and bring Inspector Hake on the scene. But Lady Cobbin would not allow this course to be taken.

"We must hear what Parley has to say," she declared.

"Then while we are waiting for him, let me take you out to luncheon."

"No," she said again. "I shall not lose sight of this boy and his mother. There has been too much trouble in finding them."

Mendle returned to his desk, and sat there quietly waiting for the arrival of his clerk. Paddy revived, and Mrs. O'Toole, scowling at Lady Cobbin, fed him with cakes and apples—both extremely bad for so delicate a lad. The slow minutes passed, and the inquiry agent thought over the case. Undoubtedly Robert Parley was the assassin for whom she had searched so long, and it only remained to force him into confession, and have him arrested. Then Belinda could marry Darton without fear of Mendle's malice, and her promise to help the doctor would be fulfilled. Afterwards—Lady Cobbin sighed as she thought of afterwards.

In about half an hour there came a knock at the door. "There is Parley," said Mendle, rising briskly.

But it proved to be a junior clerk, who stated that Sir Samuel Embers was outside in his cab, and was coming in. Even as he spoke the baronet limped in on the arm of his chauffeur friend, and looked extremely ill and very angry. He came into the inner room, sent his friend away, and then, when the door was closed, turned on Lady Cobbin.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked, snarling. "Why are"—here his eyes for the first time fell on Paddy—"the boy!" he gasped.

"Yes," said Lady Cobbin swiftly. "Mr. Mendle brought him up from Whitechapel, where you were last night."

Mendle, taken in a trap, made a bound. Embers caught him, and threw him on the floor.

"I went to get him," said Sir Samuel, pointing to Paddy; "but I got into a row, and my ankle was sprained. It hurts like the devil. Well, now that Mendle has found the boy, we can learn the truth."

"Paddy has told it, sure," cried Mrs. O'Toole.

"He has told a lie," corrected Lady Cobbin.

Embers turned from one to another and scowled at Paddy. "What does the young whelp mean by telling lies?" he demanded.

"He has been bribed."

"Who has bribed him? You? You?" He turned to Lady Cobbin and to Mendle respectively. "Why can't you speak? I suppose the assassin bribed him to keep silence. I thought so. And the assassin——"

"Paddy accuses you," said Lady Cobbin very distinctly.

In spite of his sprained ankle, the baronet rose from his chair, as if moved by a spring. It looked as though he would fling himself on the boy and beat him. Mrs. O'Toole, with an alarmed cry, spread her arms over Paddy in terror. "You accuse me, you—you young devil?"

"He declares that he saw you strangle Arthur for the papers," said Mendle, who was very pale and very quiet.

"Liar! Liar!" gasped Embers, falling back in his chair. "How dare he say that? I left Arthur alone with the cab at the top of Shore Lane. No one was with him."

"The boy was," cried Mrs. O'Toole. "Wasn't he hanging on behind, and didn't he see you strangle the poor young man? Answer me that now!"

Sir Samuel clutched at his collar as though he was being strangled himself. "It is wholly false. Send for the police, and have that brat arrested. I can defend myself. Send for the police."

"I'll go," cried Mendle, snatching up his hat and making for the door; but when he opened it Parley stood there.

"You want me, Sir?" asked Parley, entering, and, removing Mendle's grip from the handle, he immediately shut the door. This did not look like guilt, as Lady Cobbin thought.

"Paddy has been bribed, you say," cried the baronet, still furious, and paying no attention to the clerk's entrance. "Who by?"

"By Robert Parley."

"What's that?" asked the old clerk, stepping forward. "Who accuses me of bribing the boy?"

"I do," said Lady Cobbin coolly. "You have bribed him to say that Sir Samuel Embers murdered Gerson."

"It is wholly false," said Parley quietly. Then he turned to his master: "You can prove that, Sir," he said.

Mendle wiped the perspiration from his livid face. "You—you were certainly in the office when I returned," he said.

"And I defended you, Sir. I told a lie. Now you must defend me, or——"

"Or what?" demanded Lady Cobbin quickly, looking from one to the other.

"Or I'll go to the police and give myself up," said Parley.

"As the assassin."

"I am no assassin!"

"You are!" cried the inquiry agent. "That scarf, with which Arthur was strangled, was taken by you from your home, where he left it. You possessed the papers, and offered to sell them to Dr. Darton for five hundred pounds, so that you might bribe this boy and his mother into accusing Sir Samuel, and——"

"All that is quite true," acknowledged Parley, his breath coming quick and fast, "but I am innocent."

"Who is guilty, then?"

Parley turned again to his master. "Defend me, Sir."

"I—I cannot," stammered the lawyer, stealing nearer to the door. "If you are guilty, you——"

"Guilty! guilty! You dare to say that, after all I have done? No, you don't!"—he grappled unexpectedly with the solicitor as he tried to pass—"you shall go to jail as the murderer of your ward!"

Lady Cobbin arose in consternation. "What?"

"Mendle is guilty. He murdered Arthur! Paddy?"

"Yes! yes!"—the boy spoke clearly this time—"Mr. Mendle murdered him!"

Mendle, taken in a trap, made a bound. Embers caught him, and threw him on the floor, where he glared like a wild beast, fighting viciously.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS.

OF all the surprises in this most surprising case, the denouncing of Lewis Mendle was the greatest. Lady Cobbin, who had been wrong, as she mentally confessed, so many times, could scarcely speak when she saw the solicitor on the floor, struggling like a fiend in the grip of the baronet. Notwithstanding Sir Samuel's pain, sheer rage at having been accused made him sufficiently powerful to hold down the twisting, squirming little demon whose crime had come home to him at last. Rage, fear, despair, horror, appeared on that livid face, and the whole hidden nature of the man was upheaved by the terrible emotion of the moment. Undoubtedly this was the true criminal, and over him Robert Parley, his meek face firm and defiant for the first time in his weak life, stood like an avenging angel.

"You tried to betray me, did you?" said Parley between his teeth. "And after all I did for you."

"Only for money—only for money," snarled Mendle, ceasing to twist from sheer exhaustion. "You blackmailed me, you beast."

"I made you help my daughter," said Parley coolly; "and quite right I was to force you into doing so, seeing that you killed her husband."

"Whom you hated," cried the lawyer savagely.

"Not sufficiently to murder him. But to help you, since I did hate Arthur, I became—so to speak—an accomplice after the fact. Oh, you played your part well on that night, Mr. Mendle; even the police were taken in. You feigned a worse fear than you felt."

"I was in hell then: I am in hell now," muttered Mendle, and if a look could have slain the old clerk, he would have dropped dead there and then. "Oh, let me up—let me up. You are killing me."

"I'll leave the hangman to do that," said Embers, rising, and permitting the little animal to get on his feet. "Sit there!"—he pushed him into a chair—"or I'll strangle you, as you strangled Gerson."

Mendle shut his teeth with a click and jumped up, as though to fling himself across the room on Paddy. The terrified boy cried weakly at the sight of that furious face, and clung to his mother. Mrs. O'Toole, thoroughly frightened herself, spread her arms again over her offspring. "I never hurt ye," she gasped, "nor did the boy, poor lamb."

"You betrayed me," shouted Mendle, again pushed back into the chair. Mrs. O'Toole placed her arms akimbo. "And why not, when you 'd nivir have paid the thousand pounds you promised."

"Oh!" cried Lady Cobbin quickly, "did he promise that?"

"Yes, me lady." Mrs. O'Toole turned and dropped an unnecessary curtsey, so great was her fear for what she had done. "That divil knew that Patrick had seen him at his dirthy work, and wint to the hospital to tell him to hould his tongue. He come to me, too, and said that I 'd have a thousand goulden suvverins if I made Patrick dumb. An' I did, an' the poor boy nivir spake a worrd. Didn't I smuggle him off to Whitechapel to me own sister's house, bad luck to her for wanting half the money? An' didn't that divil come this morning to say that he 'd make the money two thousand, and ship Patrick an' me to New York if we brought home the murder to his lordship." She pointed to the baronet, who clenched his hands.

"Oh, you brute!" he cried to the cowering Mendle, "I 'd like to give you a thrashing. You were ready to sell me to save yourself."

"And ready to sell Dr. Darton to marry Miss Gerson. Ready to place Miss Lane on the scaffold so that he would escape," cried Lady Cobbin. "He is worse than Judas."

"And he would have hanged me to escape," said Parley, between his teeth, looking quite a different man to the usually meek clerk. "And after I had helped him. Mendle, you have brought all this on yourself. Had you been true to me, I should have been true to you. I never suspected you until the scarf——"

"Ah!" said Lady Cobbin quickly, "the scarf."

Parley turned towards her. "Yes, Arthur left that scarf behind, and I put it round my neck, as the night was cold, when I came to work here. I entered this room to chat to Mr. Mendle about some papers connected with Sir Samuel's affairs, and placed the scarf on a chair along with my hat and coat. Then I went to work in the outer room, forgetting them. Afterwards Mr. Mendle—at what time I know not—left the office by that door." He pointed to the one which Hake had examined at the beginning of the case. "I came in twice to see if he had returned, but he did not appear until twenty or twenty-five minutes to twelve."

"And he then drove up in the motor-cab," suggested the inquiry agent.

"I can't drive a motor," muttered Mendle, with white lips.

"You liar!" cried Embers. "I taught you to drive myself."

Parley still addressed Lady Cobbin. "He *did* come back in the motor-cab," he said. "I heard it coming, and——"

"Did he sound the horn?"

"No, he did not. Having a dead man on board he was afraid. I heard the motor coming, and peeped through the blind. I saw it stop and Mr. Mendle get out. He hurried into the office by the side door, and was taking off his things when I entered. I did not suspect anything wrong then, as I did not know of the murder. Mr. Mendle asked me to say that he had been within doors all the evening if anyone asked."

Lady Cobbin interposed. "Didn't that arouse your suspicions?"

"Why, no," said Parley quietly. "Mr. Mendle explained that he had been at the Piccadilly Theatre to prevent a meeting between Dr. Darton and Miss Belinda. I knew that he hated the Doctor, but, never thinking that anything was wrong, I agreed to hold my tongue. Then came the knocking of the policeman, and Mr. Mendle put on his coat and hat and gloves to act the comedy. And he did it well," ended Parley, with a scathing glance at the sullen little man seated at his desk.

"When did you suspect that he had killed Arthur?"

"When Arthur's corpse was brought into the middle room. At first, as we all did, I believed that the dead man was Sir Samuel, and wondered how he had come by his death. Then I thought of heart disease——"

"I never had that," cried Embers bluffly, and keeping an eye on the lawyer; "but Arthur suffered badly from his heart."

"That made him easier to kill, no doubt," said Lady Cobbin.

"I daresay," observed the old clerk; "but he strangled him thoroughly, for the face was quite black and the eyes protruding. When I saw the scarf round Arthur's throat and remembered how I had left it in this office, I then knew. But I defended Mr. Mendle, and stated that he had been in all the evening. I even said that I possessed the key of that door, which Mr. Mendle passed secretly to me. Inspector Hake seemed inclined to suspect Mr. Mendle, but my story quite exonerated him. Next day I had an explanation with Mr. Mendle, and he promised that if I held my tongue he would pay Ellen an income. As I hated Arthur," confessed Parley, "I didn't mind his having been killed."

"Don't!" said Lady Cobbin, with a look of disgust. "You are almost as bad as he is. You will be punished for this."

"I don't care," said Parley recklessly. "So long as Ellen is safe, it matters little what becomes of me. I would do anything for her."

(To be concluded next week.)

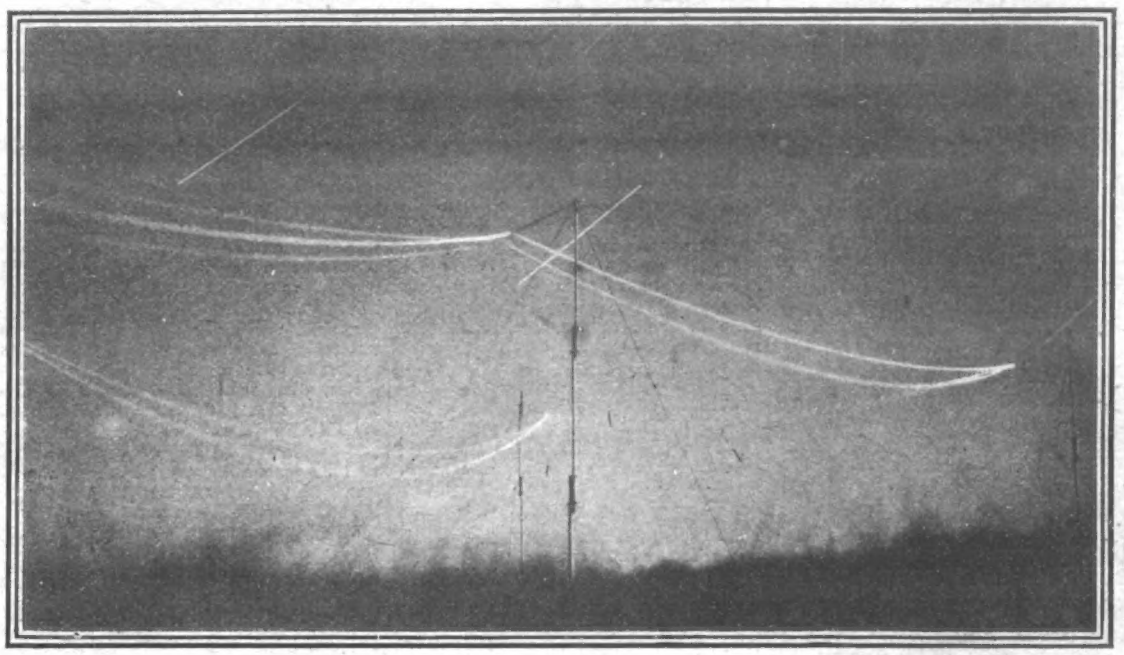


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INVISIBLE.

Although the electric waves which transmit wireless messages from Ireland to Canada are invisible to the naked eye, a camera exposed by a photographer last week, when experimental messages were being sent from the Irish station, actually reproduced on the sensitive plate the electric rays seen in the photograph. It was a dark and starless night, and although occasional moonlight showed the upright masts to which the transmitting wires are fixed, nothing else was visible. When the plate was developed it was found to have reproduced, not only the uprights, which it was expected would be there, but also the electrical currents connecting the poles and—still more wonderful—shafts of light which experts believe to be the electric rays transmitting a wireless message. The plate was exposed for half an hour.

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The Childrens Corner

Nina's Wonderful . . Primroses. . .

By NELLIE POLLOCK

NINA felt very sad and lonely as she sat watching the brown crinkled leaves falling from the bare autumn branches, and clustering together in dry little heaps at the foot of the trees. Tap—tap—tap they went against the window-pane, just like sad little brown fairies, thought the little girl as a fresh gust of wind tossed a shower of leaves on to the goodly pile beneath her window.

"Ugh!" shuddered Nina as she looked around the desolate garden, "How dreary and cold it seems; it quite gives one the shivers," and she tossed her head with a quick little jerk, and set her fair curls dancing and frolicking about her brow.

Poor Nina! She seemed to be quite neglected to-day, for dear smiling Aunt Marion was ill. There was no one to scamper over the hills with her now—there was no one to tell her wonderful stories of fairies and giants and goblins to-day, for upstairs in the big front-bedroom Aunt Marion tossed from side to side in a dreadful fever, while her sad, forlorn little niece sat in the room below, wondering if she would never be allowed to go up and tell her how very sadly she was missed.

NINA STOOD GAZING DOWN AT THE PRIMROSES.

After the lonely little girl had sat for some time pressing her pale face against the window-pane, she turned from the dreary picture of the autumn world without, and picked up her Fairy-book that had slipped from her lap on to the floor. Listlessly she turned over the alluring pictures of elves and giants and wonderful Princesses, until her eye was attracted by a favourite story of hers that she and her aunt had often read in the twilight, after the dainty cups and saucers had been cleared away and the lamplighter tramped by with his magic torch. Nina turned eagerly now to the pretty little story, and, as she read on, a glad little smile crept into her eyes, and her pale cheeks flushed with excitement as a happy thought flitted into her head And, pointing a small pink finger at the page in front of her, she read these magic words—

Down in a fairy dell,
Near the brooklet's joyful flow,
There 's a little spot at twilight,
Where the pale primroses grow;
And the fairies dance around them
In the glow of the evening hour,
And there lingers in each primrose then,
The fairies' magic power.

"The fairies' magic power," whispered Nina softly; and then she read on, with a glad little smile of enchantment—

And would you pluck these flowers fair
From the mystic Fairy dell,
You 'll gather with each primrose then,
The Twilight fairies' spell,
That will chase away all ill and woe
And cheer all hearts, where'er they go.

"Chase away all ill and woe," repeated the little girl, with a joyful gleam in her eyes; and she jumped up from her chair and softly clapped her hands with delight.

"I 'll go and find the magic primroses! Oh, I 'll find them and bring them to dear Aunt Marion! Then she 'll get well and happy again." And Nina skipped upstairs for her little red Tam-o'-Shanter, and, catching up a small brown basket, she set off in search of the magic primroses.

There was a tiny little rustic dell where she and her aunt had often been together. It was quite a long way off, but Nina was too full of excitement and joy to think of anything but the wonderful little primroses, although she had searched every hedge only the day before for a sight of the delicate yellow flowers.

So, with the magic words of the Fairy-book still ringing in her ears, she flitted lightly over the tiny hills and meadows, eagerly scanning every hedge as she passed along. But, so far, the little girl had searched in vain, for there was not a sign of a primrose on either side of her, and very soon the tiny, tripping feet began to lag, and the eager, bright eyes became just a bit weary—and—and, sad to relate, Nina seemed to have completely lost her way. Faint little shadows began to flit in and out the trees, and a cold, dreary gale was blowing towards her from the hills, and alas! poor, weary little Nina began to lose hope and to feel tired and lonely, and oh! so very very cold! But still she trotted on, turning from side to side in search of the wonderful little yellow blossoms.

How dark it had suddenly become—and—and oh! what was that dancing little light flitting in and out behind the trees in front of her? Nina quickened her steps, and then stood still with wide-open blue eyes, and eager parted lips, for just before her, swaying to and fro, hand in hand, were a ring of tiny yellow fairies, just the colour of primroses. Backwards and forwards they went, gaily singing a soft woodland melody, and dancing round and round so lightly that the grass did not stir beneath their feet. She had found them! After all, she had discovered the wonderful Twilight Fairies! So the enchanted little maiden stood peering at the dancing little figures, while the silvery brooklet babbled on, whispering a soft little tune to the time of their gay dance. So big and round were her blue eyes, so soft and flushed her smooth, sweet face, she had seen the Fairies, the wonderful Twilight Fairies! On and on they went, never tiring of their light, joyful frolic, raising their small, lovely faces to the pale evening sky, and nodding to each other in their joy, while Nina stood by with a beating heart, watching the most wonderful picture she had ever gazed upon.

After a while, their fleet, airy steps grew slower and slower, and little Nina knelt down on the grass and peered through the trees with a quickly beating heart, for, as a chilly gust of wind swept from over the hill, the tiny Primrose Fairies stopped their joyful frolics, then for a moment a number of pink, twinkling fingers fluttered in the air as the Fairies gaily saluted the trees "Good-night," and, bowing to each other lightly, the wonderful woodland sprites vanished, leaving on the grass in a tiny ring, just as they had stood hand in hand, a gleaming cluster of primroses.

"Primroses! primroses!" Nina gasped with joy, as she flitted through the trees and pounced upon the flowers, fearing they would vanish, as the Fairies had done.

"Oh, how sweet and wonderful!" cried the little maiden, pressing a frail little primrose to her lips. Then she eagerly filled her small basket with the tiny, fairy flowers, and lingered for a moment on the enchanted spot, wondering whether it had all been a dream, and, bending, she lightly touched the green, dewy grass with her lips—the grass that had been stirred by fairy feet!

Then Nina turned and fled over the hills, and seemed to reach home all in a minute. I think the Fairies must have helped those swift, tiny feet, as they simply flew through the dewy grasses.

Upstairs she tripped, holding the precious basket close to her all the while, and stood on the mat outside Aunt Marion's door.

"Dear, sweet, little primroses," she whispered, smiling at the small things clustered together in her basket, "make Aunt Marion well and happy," and turning the handle gently, she entered the bed-room. It almost frightened her at first, for it was so dark and silent.

"Auntie, Auntie, I've brought you something wonderful!" cried the little girl, with dancing eyes and rosy cheeks, and, stepping over to the bed-side, she took a tiny cluster of the small fairy flowers and laid them against the pale cheek on the pillow; then, jumping on to the bed and throwing her arms around Aunt Marion's neck, she told her of the wonderful little fairy dell, and how she had walked far over the hills to find the enchanted primroses.

"Oh, you are one of the fairies' children, little Nina," replied her aunt, as she pressed the joyful face close to hers and kissed her delighted little niece.

And then they sat together for a long time, while the firelight danced fitfully up and down the walls, looking like joyful little fairies as its ruddy gleam crept up and down in little leaps and bounds.

Of course, Aunt Marion got well directly, and as soon as she was well enough they both went to the enchanted fairy dell where Nina had gathered her wonderful primroses, but the tiny people did not come again—I expect they only come when anyone is ill, so that they may bring them their Twilight Primroses.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THE Christmas pudding is already a subject for thought in many households, so quickly does time fly and the celebration of the seasons come round again. The young housewife may be glad to know that beef-suet may be kept quite a long time if it is carefully melted down, stored in pots or jars, and well covered over. This, if the suet is bought just now, will prove an economical arrangement, as at Christmas time, both before and afterwards, the suet will advance considerably in price.

In View of Christmas.

A thoughtful girl will never throw away any oddment of lace or ribbon, but will iron them out and store them tidily away in a box, which should be marked on the outside with a label describing the contents. Feathers of every description should be put away with camphor. Artificial flowers, if smoothed and straightened out, can generally be made to do duty again. Many a shilling can be saved in this way, and a new hat evolved with a very trifling additional expenditure. Flowers are one of the things which it is always advisable to invest in at sale times, as they can usually be obtained cheaply then and in great variety. Every girl should aim at having what a Frenchwoman describes as her "shop"—that is to say, a store of useful finery which she can examine and select from when she has any renovations in hand. But, of course, never hoard rubbish, for that would be sheer folly. By rubbish, I mean tawdry, shabby trimmings and odds-and-ends of no good to anyone. At the same time, it is rare that any garment need be thrown aside without first contributing something to the shop. An old coat may have handsome buttons, which should be ripped off, and if the coat is required for charitable purposes, serviceable plain buttons can be substituted. Many a faded dress is adorned with pieces of good lace; these should certainly be retained when the dress itself is discarded. Pieces of fur also can always be exchanged from an old garment on to a new one. It will pay the woman of small means to buy good lace, good fur, and handsome trimmings, as these will prove a "stand-by" to her over and over again and will impart elegance to cheap and simple gowns. The light and airy accessories, which have a tendency to look crumpled and soiled after being worn a few times, need to be sedulously eschewed by all but the very wealthy.

The Frenchwoman's Shop.

Girls who are clever with their fingers and have a fondness for fancy and art needlework can always bestow a touch of exclusiveness on their various frocks and frills. Some of the beautiful new flannel blouses are ornamented with straps of embroidery, and that is where the crewel worker should excel just now. Bands go around the sleeves and down the fronts, and across the bust, forming a yoke, while, for more elaborate wear, there are exquisite ones in silk, net, and lace. The winter mode is to have the blouse exactly the same tint as the shirt it accompanies. Tussore silk blouses, which were so popular in the summer, are seen in the most delightful tints for wearing with autumn coats and skirts. Most of these are shown with puff-sleeves to the elbow, and from thence a tight-fitting cuff to the wrist; and for morning wear a smart little black tie is the prevailing feature. Smocking plays quite an important part in the new woollen and flannel blouses, and bands of open-work continue in favour.

Fashionable Blouses.

A very useful garment for the tired working-woman who likes to smarten up and dress for dinner and yet desires something cozy and comfortable is a pretty dinner-jacket. It is far easier to slip into than an evening blouse. A very becoming one, which is easily run up by the home worker, is made of point d'esprit net and Brussels lace mounted over a pretty, soft, silk lining. The Geisha, or British silk, which is to be had at from 1s. 3d. per yard, is excellent for the purpose, and either is obtainable in a wide range of colours. With the aid of a good pattern the little garment may be made for less than 10s.

A Woman's Dinner-Jacket.

Onions are so cheap and plentiful just now, and are, withal, so wholesome, that they should figure largely in the daily menu. Scalloped onions are very nice, and are easily prepared. Take about four large onions and boil until tender. Prepare a white sauce of one cupful of rich milk, thickened with one dessert-spoonful each of flour and butter, rubbed together until quite smooth, and seasoned with a little pepper and salt. Break up the onions, put a layer in a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle with soft bread-crumbs, and cover with the thickened milk. Continue these layers until the dish is full. Cover the top with bread-crumbs rolled in melted butter and bake until brown.

Recipe for Onions.

A DAINTY COAT AND HAT FOR AUTUMN.

THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

OCT 26 to NOV. 1.—The weather, just now, is none too favourable towards outdoor work, but there are numerous matters the amateur may attend to in the bright intervals, and he who is so fortunate as to own a greenhouse will find a good deal to occupy his attention. It is a time now for starting bulbs in pots for indoor decoration, and I am, personally, using the floor of my own small greenhouse for "plunging" such pots. This practice is to retard green growth and encourage good root development, and I arrange my pots, bowls, vases, and so on, and then cover them to a goodly depth with cocoanut fibre, for from three to six weeks. Some gardeners "plunge" their bulbs in ashes, but I find that this plan "rusts" and spoils the bulbs. I am still hard at work, weather permitting, on my autumn digging and trenching, and I am establishing a splendid "compost heap," consisting of decaying green growths, occasional sifted ashes, and stable manure, in layers. This heap I shall allow to accumulate for a time, and, once or twice during the winter, in dry spells, I shall thoroughly mix and incorporate its various parts. As a matter of fact, I am not troubled in this matter myself, but the present is an excellent time to root-prune unfertile fruit-trees, though the operation is one requiring some care; the surface-roots are to be encouraged and the ones to cut (and they sparingly) are the strong growths that seem to go deep down. Wallflowers may well be planted now, and this week is an excellent time to commence making tulip and hyacinth beds out of doors.

My Garden Plans.

Backing up the opinion I expressed a few weeks ago on the subject of fruit-trees grown on the cordon system, a correspondent who signs himself "Purleyite" writes as follows: "Having read Mr. Lorraine's letter, I thought *P.I.P.* gardeners might like to know how successful I have been with Cordon fruit-trees. About three years ago I obtained a number of Cordons, at one shilling each, from Mr. Philip le Cornu, of Jersey. They came to hand beautifully packed, and were fine, young, clean trees—about 4 to 5 ft. high, with good fibrous roots, and mostly with a few fruit-buds. I planted them in poor soil upon chalk (I only have 12 to 18 in. of hungry soil) and mulched them well. The apples did well the first year, and I allowed a few fruits to mature; the pears and plums did not do so well, but this year they have all carried plenty of fruit for the size of the trees, and of good quality. One apple-tree I had occasion to move last autumn, and I put it in a pot 10 or 11 in. across; I moved it into a shed frosty nights, when in blossom, and this summer had forty-five apples upon this little tree, 5 ft. high, and about the thickness of my thumb. Of course I did not allow them all to mature. This year I shall put a dozen or more in pots."

Cordon Fruit-Trees.

Referring to the great advantage of growing cordons, my correspondent reminds me, that "anyone with a small garden may plant quite a number, as they take up so little room. I planted mine 18 in. apart all along the paths. I hardly ever use the knife to them in the winter, as I continually pinch off tops of shoots, where not wanted, all through the summer. The trees are also so handy to get at for keeping down pests, and, if preferred, only a few first-class fruits need be ripened. I have a few gooseberry and currant trees grown upon the same system. They were received from the same excellent nurseries, 3s. per dozen, about 18 in. to 24 in. high, ready for training as single stems; they are now all along a 6-ft. oak-fence, and have nearly reached the top. I have had a fine lot of fruit ever since planted, they are so get-at-able, and, being single, straight stems only, with short spurs, the birds are not so troublesome. Should any *P.I.P.*-ites try cordons, and have clay or rich subsoil, I should advise them to plant apples, pears, and plums upon a base of bricks or tiles about 2 ft. down, otherwise the trees might grow too large quickly and fruit-buds would be scarce; my last tip is: Don't feed the trees much, and remember I have done well with just over a foot of dry, poor soil upon solid chalk."

The Uses of Cordons.

The turkey's time is drawing nigh, and those of you who would have large, plump birds for the Christmas table should now be seriously commencing the fattening stage. Three good meals a day will be necessary, and a hot mixture of meal and milk, not too sloppy, should be given to the birds in the morning, with grain of good quality at midday and in the afternoon. As November advances, two feeds of warm meal may be given, and green food is important with all birds that have no opportunity of picking about for themselves. Fresh water is an item to be specially considered with regard to turkeys, and I need hardly say that birds enjoying a good run in freedom must inevitably do better than those confined in a small area.

Feeding Turkeys.

I have just been reading in the columns of our excellent contemporary, *Garden Life* an account of the experiments in growing plants with the aid of electric light, as made in the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens at Regent's Park. These experiments are said to be proving highly successful. In one of the houses a powerful arc-lamp is made to travel from end to end and back, slowly, on light overhead rails, for three hours every night. The writer I am quoting states that: "Even in a few days, tomatoes, chrysanthemums, and other plants commence to grow much taller and stronger than other plants not so treated, and after receiving sixty-eight hours of the treatment the plants are said to be quite a month ahead of the others. The effect is very noticeable on tomatoes and chrysanthemums."

Plants and Electric Light.

REPLIES IN BRIEF

HENRY SKEAT.—I am against planting shallots now, though I believe some gardeners make a point of so doing. February is plenty soon enough for the planting.

J. K. M.—Meaty food in the morning is certainly excellent for young laying pullets, but do not overdo it. Let them have meat, say every other morning. Of course, chopped house-scraps would contain a proportion of meat quite sufficient for the purpose.

W. B. H. G.—(1) Now is the best time to plant rose-trees. Remember that a certain amount of rotten manure is essential, and dig your soil to a good depth before planting. (2) Yes, plant loganberries also this month.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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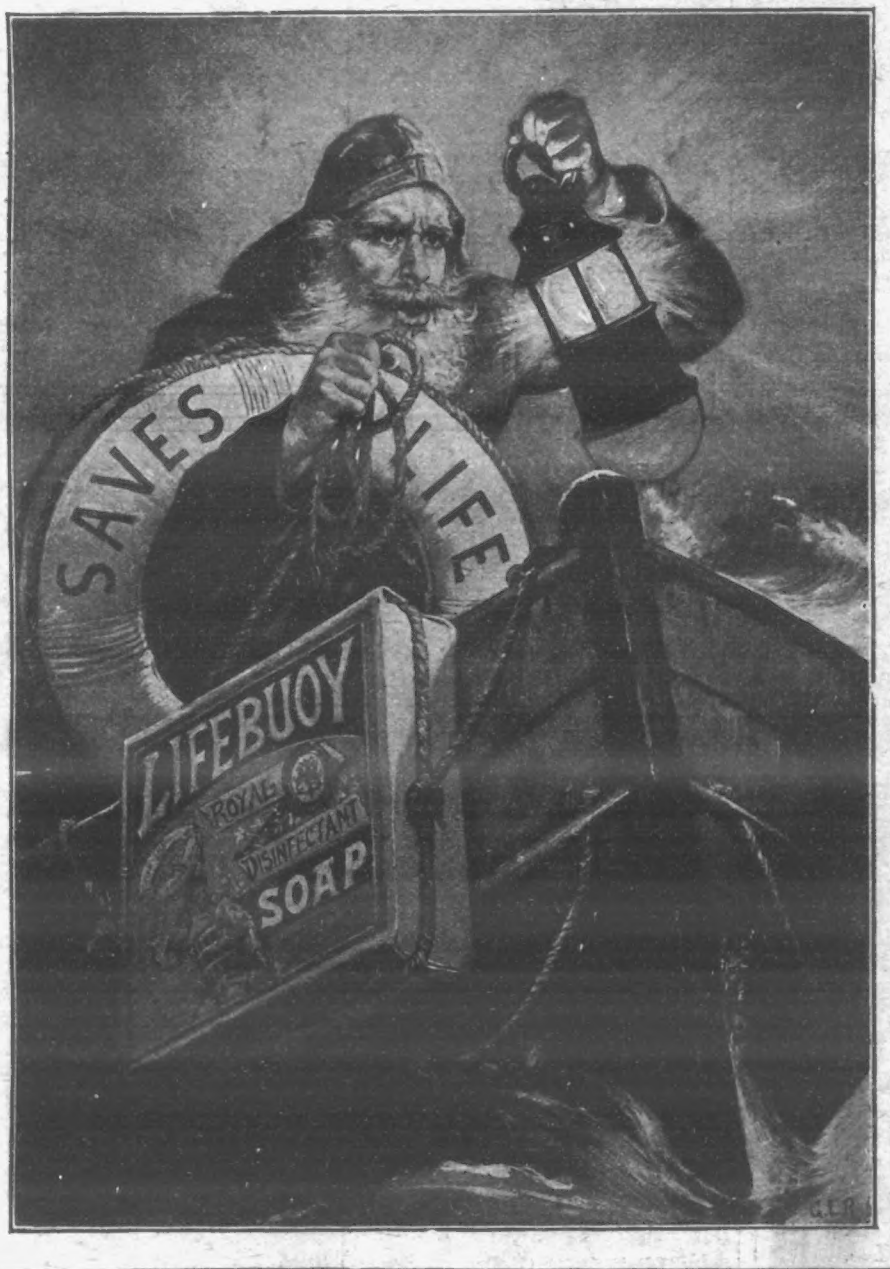

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